Or ſo; let it paſſe.
Thai. To me he ſeemes like Diamond, to Glaſſe.
Per. You King's to me, like to my fathers picture,
Which tels in that glory once he was,
Had Princes, ſit like ſtarres about his Throane,
And he the Sunne for them to reuerence;
None that beheld him, but like leſſer lights,
Did vaile their Crownes to his ſupremacie;
Where now his ſonne like a Glo-worme in the night,
The which hath Fire in darkeneſſe, none in light:
Whereby I ſee that Time's the King of Men,
He's both their Parents, and he is their Graue,
And giues them what he will, not what they craue.
King. What are you merry, Knights?
Knights. Who can be other in this royall preſence
King. Heere with a cup that's ſtur'd vnto the brim,
As do you loue, fill to your Miſtreſſe lips,
We drinke this health to you.
Knights. We thanke your grace.
King. Yet pauſe awhile; you Knight doth ſit too melancholy,
As if the intertainement in our Court,
Had not a ſhew might counteruaile his worth:
Note it not you *Thaiſa?*
Thai. What is't to me my father?
King. O, attend my Daughter,
Princes in this, ſhould liue like Gods aboue,
Who freely giue to euery one that come to honour them:
And Princes not doing ſo, are like to Gnats,
Which make a ſound, but kild, are wondred at:
Therefore to make his entrance more ſweet,
Heere ſay we drinke this ſtanding boule of wine to him,
Thai. Alas, my father, it beſits not me,
Vnto a ſtranger Knight to be ſo bold,
He may my proffer take for an offence,
Since men take womens gifts for impudence,
King. How? doe as I bid you, or you'le moue me elſe.
Thai. Now by the Gods, he could not pleaſe me better.

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